Vol. IX. Numb. 64.

THE OBSERVATOR.

On the Addreſs of the Commons of Ireland *to his Excellency the Earl of* Wharton, *in vindication of the Glorious Memory of King* William. *An Encomium on the* Iriſh *Proteſtants. The ill Treatment of thoſe in the* North. *On the Addreſs of the Biſhop of* London, *and the Clergy of* London *and* Weſtminſter.

From Wedneſday, Auguſt 23. to Saturday, Auguſt 26. 1710.

Countrym. YOU ſee Tory Addreſſes multiply upon our hands, Maſter, and that they go on vigorouſly to attack the Conſtitution. They pour all the Contempt they can upon the Sentence of the Houſe of Lords, pronounc'd, at the Suit of the Commons, againſt Dr. *Sacheverel*, for his Sermons of Slavery and Sedition; yet every now and then they meet with a rub by Addreſſes of a contrary nature. That of the Commons of *Ireland* to the Earl of *Wharton* their Lord Lieutenant, for his care to diſcover thoſe who defac'd the Statue of King *William* of Glorious Memory at *Dublin*, is ſo very conſiderable, that I muſt deſire your Thoughts of it.

Obſ. 'Tis charming all over, *Roger*, and a Piece which very well becomes the Repreſentatives of ſo noble a Body of Proteſtants. If our High-Church Party had any thing of Modeſty left them, it would put them to the bluſh. The Commons of *Ireland* ſpeak like Gentlemen, who have a true ſenſe of Honour, Liberty and Religion: They offer Balm and Frankincenſe to the Memory of our Glorious Deliverer, while others, who were equally oblig'd by him, treat him as an Uſurper. This Addreſs is ſo much the more conſiderable, that 'tis the unanimous Senſe of all the Proteſtants in that Kingdom; while ſo many in ours, who profane the name by pretending to it, are running mad, and doing what they can to make themſelves a Captain, that they may return back, not to the Fleſhpots and Onions, but to the Bondage and Slavery of *Egypt*.

Countrym. I am glad to find, Maſter, that the Commons of *Ireland* behave themſelves ſo nobly at this critical Juncture. They ſpeak like Men who remember the Maſſacre of 41, and that the murdering Knives of the Tories and Papiſts were again preſented to their Throats in 1688. They know too well the Calamities that muſt attend a Popiſh Reign, to go into ſuch meaſures as may bring us under another. There's a great difference, Maſter, betwixt having the Knife put to one's Throat, and a Tithe-Pig taken by the Tail. That was all which our Highfliers ſuffer'd here, in compariſon to what the *Iriſh* Proteſtants ſuffer'd in the late Popiſh Reigns; therefore we are not to wonder at the difference of their Conduct.

Obſ. You ſay very well, *Roger*; this Addreſs is of ſo much the greater Importance, that it ſhews the Parliament of *Ireland* to be of the ſame ſenſe with the Parliament of *Great Britain*, *viz.* 'That 'all thoſe who endeavour to reflect on the Juſtice 'of the late happy Revolution, the Memory of 'God's great Inſtrument in effecting it, or the 'neceſſary Means made uſe of in bringing it a-'bout, are ſuch as would bring our Religion, 'Lives, Libertys and Propertys into the ſame 'Dangers again, from which King *William*'s Con-'duct and Courage ſo bravely and ſeaſonably reſ-'cu'd them.' Theſe are Golden Lines, *Roger*; and ſince they are the joint Senſe of the Repreſentatives of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, to which we have no reaſon to doubt but future Parliaments will adhere, we may juſtly look with Contempt on the ſlaviſh Addreſſes of the Faction, who would ſacrifice all that is dear to us, as Men and Chriſtians, to the arbitrary Will of a Prince. Bleſſed be God! 'tis not in their Power to make the ſurrender, and we may be morally certain they can never get a Parliament that will.

Countrym. I am glad, Maſter, that the *Iriſh* Proteſtants have got ſuch good Laws for their Security under a Whiggiſh Adminiſtration; whereas under that of another ſtamp, thoſe who contributed chiefly to the ſaving of the Proteſtant and *Britiſh* Intereſt there twice in half a Century, had a Yoke put upon their Necks, to make them uncapable of doing ſo a third time. I remember a noble Lord here took notice in a Speech, that many of the Proteſtants in the *North* of that Kingdom, who perform'd ſuch Wonders againſt the *French* and Popiſh Troops at and after the Revolution, were ſuffer'd to ſtarve here without Bread. We know by whoſe Influence thoſe things happen'd, and that *Ireland* was left to be a lame Leg; 'twas by Tory Councils, tho in a Whig Reign: therefore we are not to wonder that the *Iriſh* Parliament expreſſes a juſt Deteſtation of thoſe Principles.

Obſ. Ay, *Roger*, they have very good reaſon; for I remember that after the Revolution, when all honeſt Men bewail'd the Fate of *Ireland*, then overrun with Popiſh and *French* Troops, and expected to hear the diſmal News of another Maſſacre, that our Tories here ſpoke with very much Indifference of the *Iriſh* Proteſtants, as being either *Scotch* Fanaticks, or *Engliſh* Republicans. And when God had given his Bleſſing to the Reſiſtance made by the City of *Londonderry*, which baffled the *French* and Popiſh Army, prevented their invading of *Great Britain*, and joining the Viſcount of *Dundee* in *Scotland*; we know by whoſe Influence the Merit and Rewards of that eminent Service were miſplac'd: and for any thing I know, *Roger*, the Gentleman who was the chief Inſtrument of it, and undertook ſeveral dangerous Journies and Voyages, by direction of the King and Council, for the Relief of that City, and of the Proteſtants of *Ireland*, goes unrewarded to this day. So that it happen'd to him as it did to the poor Man in *Eccleſiaſtes*, *who ſav'd the City by his Wiſdom, but no Man remember'd him.* All the difference is, that that Gentleman was not poor then, for a conſiderable part of the City was his own; but he ſuffer'd ſo much by the Siege, that I don't know how far he may be reduc'd ſince.

Countrym. I am ſorry for that, Maſter, and for many other Inſtances of the like ſort; but if our

High

High Tory Principles be true, all Revolution-Men deserve to be hang'd here, and damn'd hereafter. Pray, Master, give me your Opinion of the Address of the Bishop of *London*, and of the Clergy of *London* and *Westminster*; for some People commend it, and others decry it.

Obs. I am extremely well pleas'd, *Roger*, to find the Doctrine of the Lawfulness of vigorously withstanding Popery and Arbitrary Power asserted in that Address, and a Promise to do the like again if ever they meditate a Return. We all know that the Lord Bishop of *London* attended her present Majesty, when she was pleas'd to join the Lords and Gentlemen that took Arms against Popery and Arbitrary Power at *Nottingham*, where they declar'd *that they own'd it Rebellion to resist a King that governs by Law; but he was always accounted a Tyrant that made his Will the Law: and to resist such an one, they justly esteem'd no Rebellion, but a necessary Defence.* This is all that the Whigs plead for, therefore I am glad to find this Principle own'd by so great a Body of our Clergy at this juncture, and that we have their Promise upon Record, that they will withstand Popery and Arbitrary Power in the same manner, if ever they attempt a Return. The Clergy of *London* and *Westminster* will form another-guess sort of a Troop than that of the Nonjurant Parsons, who were to have join'd the *French* upon the Assassination and Invasion Plot, for which Sir *William Perkins* and Sir *John Friend* were hang'd. And since our *London* Clergy are persuaded that this will appear to be the Sense of the whole Clergy when they meet in Convocation, it affords us the comfortable prospect of an Ecclesiastical Army, *Roger*, that will certainly be too hard for all the Popish Priests, Shavelings, and Nonjurant Parsons that the Pretender can raise for his Service.

Countrym. But some People carp at the words *Irresistible Authority*, in the third Paragraph of the Address, Master, and think it inconsistent with that which you have now quoted.

Obs. They must be mistaken, *Roger*: My Lord of *London* himself shall answer them, that there's nothing else meant by that Expression but the legal Prerogative; for in the seventh Letter of his Conference with his Clergy in 1686. there's this remarkable Paragraph:

'But if we exalt the King's Prerogative above 'the Law, we do as good as tell the People, that 'notwithstanding their Rights, the King may ra'vish their Wives, spoil their Goods, and cut their 'throats at pleasure: and thus we should pursue a 'method the most contrary to the Mind of God 'that possibly could be; for it would prove a 'Doctrine that might do much harm, and could 'never do good. Either it would alarm the Peo'ple with an Apprehension that some Design were 'working against their just Rights (for which '*pernicious Strain of Curtesy*, we may may be sure 'a Wise Prince, as ours is, would give us small 'thanks; since the least Mischief we could expect 'would be Dissatisfaction, Murmuring, Jealousy, 'and a Readiness to rebel) or if it should operate 'as we intend, if we intend any thing else by it, 'we shall thereby make a *Halter for our own Necks*, 'by disposing men to *avow a Principle* that should 'invite their King *to put a Yoke upon them.* So 'that I look upon it as a Rule, that we ought in 'common Prudence to set our selves in this Affair 'to be as cautious of *flattering our Prince into Ty'ranny*, as of stirring up the People to Sedition 'and Tumult.'

Countrym. God bless him, Master, his Lordship speaks like an Oracle: Here's a Bumper of *October* to his Health. How happy had it been for the Clergy and the Nation, had our Ecclesiasticks always acted with that Caution! We should not have been pester'd with Tory Addresses, by which the Faction pelt our Constitution as with so many Pot-Guns. I can swallow Passive Obedience with such an Explanation as his Lordship and the *Nottingham* Declaration puts upon it, as glib as Mother's Milk; and an Hereditary Title arising from Acts of Parliament, goes as smoothly down my throat as so much Butter: but Unlimited Passive Obedience and Non-Resistance, so as to give the Prince a power to ravish my *Joan* and *Kate*, or to hang me at pleasure; and a Divine Indefeasible Hereditary Right, that subjects Nations without remedy to such Monsters as *Nero*, *Heliogabalus*, and *Caligula*, that would make a great Horse Lord Mayor of *London*, as the latter made his a Consul of *Rome*: I *think to be a plain Declaration in favour of the Pretender*, a Wooden Shoe fitted only for a *French* Papist's Foot, a Canvas Shirt proper for none but such a Back, and a Bow-string fit only for a *Turk*'s Neck.

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